



High Times at Harrington's House by NotTooClever

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan B., Nancy W., Robin, Steve H.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-10-09 02:39:57

Updated: 2019-10-09 02:39:57

Packaged: 2019-12-12 14:21:01

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,136

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Steve and Robin throw a party for Nancy and Jonathan ahead of the Byers' big move. A mild gangbang ensues.

High Times at Harrington's House

As she ascended the steps to the Harringtons' front door Nancy was struck with overwhelming déjà vu. She was still haunted by that night; the last time she was here, at this hour, to attend a party. That night she made her way up the steps with Barbra, tonight she had Jonathan. She held his arm tight, leaning into his shoulder, breathing him in.

"What's the matter?" He asked.

"...Let's just go home. Yours I mean. What's your mom making for dinner?"

Jonathan kissed her forehead, "Look, you know I wanna stay in. I want to spend the time we've got left together."

Nancy felt like crying. She wasn't ready for the Byers' move, she never would be.

"Not to mention I'm the opposite of a party person." He smiled down to her, holding her close. "But... We need friends, both of us. I don't want you to lose touch with Steve and Robin," Jonathan gestured toward the door with a sideways nod, "and I need all the social practice I can get."

Nancy managed a weak smile, and squeezed him tightly. "Okay," they took a deep breath and she rang the bell.

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The similarities she felt between this party and her last at Steve's were few and short lived, it was altogether a much more pleasant night. In contrast to the way he'd pressured her previously, Steve's offer of beer tonight seemed more like a genuine gesture. Jonathan and Steve got along well, one had emnever/em made male friends his own age, and the other had been socially starving since highschool. Likewise, Nancy and Robin hadn't made hanging out in school a habit, but got on well enough outside the social pretexts of the classroom.

When the group were two six packs deep and the volume of their laughter was no longer in their control, Nancy decided to share an opinion she'd been holding onto.

"What are you guys waiting for? You'd make—" hiccup, "*such a cute couple.*"

Robin laughed hysterically. Steve turned to her, dead serious, "She's right you know."

Tears fell from Robin's eyes, her cheeks hurt from smiling.

"I love you Robin." Steve said barely holding his composure. "I am absolutely, madly, head-over-heels bonkers for you!" He erupted in childish giggles.

Robin laughed and choked and slapped the floor, "I'm gonna pee!"

Jonathan and Nancy joined the slightly-drunken laughter, slightly confused on their end.

When she'd composed herself enough, Robin blurted, "Nancy I'm gay." A moment of silence followed, she added, "Yup, total fruit-loop." And lapsed back into an uncontrollable giggle-fit, resting her head in Steve's lap.

"Oh... I'm sorry," Nancy began.

"Don't be!" The other girl said, wiping away tears and smiling broadly. But Nancy felt guilty, like she'd prized into someone's private business. She wanted to make things right and fair and even. Tipsily, without clear thought, she balanced the scales by sharing a secret of her own.

"I like it rough. Jonathan chokes me sometimes."

"Nancy..." He nearly pleaded.

"One time I let him fuck my—"

"Okay!" The boys harmonized.

Robin stopped laughing, and sat up straight, "Damn Wheeler. I'm impressed, I honestly thought there was a stick up there." More gut busting laughter followed.

Then Nancy felt stupid and embarrassed, her confession and Robin's were so vastly different it was laughable that her tipsy brain connected them. Nancy was anxious about whether she'd been insensitive, but everyone moved on without teasing her further.

Steve offered another round that Nancy decided to decline. Robin pounded hers and laid the empty bottle on the floor between the four of them.

Her brow bounced, "Ready?" She asked, keeping her eyes locked with Nancy's.

"For what?"

"Don't tell me you've never played?" Robin teased.

"Me neither." Admitted Jonathan.

"Aww!" Robin twisted the bottle and let it spin.

Steve.

She spun it again.

Jonathan.

Robin stifled more laughter. "Hop to it boys."

Nancy was shocked when she saw her boyfriend leaning toward her ex. Was he really going to do it? And then Steve leant in too. It didn't last more than two seconds, but it was no peck either. Nancy's heart fluttered, the only boys she'd ever loved just kissed in front of her. Why was it so thrilling?

"Good shit." Robin said, twisting the glass again.

Nancy.

Robin was visibly excited by the bottle's first choice, and noticeably disappointed when it made it's second.

Jonathan.

"Ugh." Robin sighed, "We all know this game is a silly pretense for me to kiss your girlfriend. So, you cool with that?"

Jonathan looked surprised, then he shrugged and smiled, "It's really her call."

All eyes were on Nancy. She looked into Jonathan's gaze, at Robin's lips. All she could hear was her heart. Before she knew what was happening Nancy was having her first kiss with a girl. It was extraordinary. Robin's hands, lips, her everything was soft to the touch; and so sweet!

Steve was rocked by the same feeling Nancy had experienced moments before. His best friend and his ex, the only girls he'd ever loved, were kissing before him. He gulped audibly. The girls didn't stop.

All four hearts raced. The boys watched as the kissing became more passionate. Nancy leant back and Robin crawled over her, leaving kisses on her neck. Nancy's breath was heavy, her eyes closed. Jonathan wasn't sure how far to let this go. When Robin reached a hand in Nancy's sweater and started playing with her chest he said nothing, but when Robin explored below her skirt he couldn't hold his tongue.

He whispered her name and Nancy gave a little jump as though she'd forgotten where they were. The couple made eye contact as Robin fingered at the hem of her panties. Nancy gasped and pulled Jonathan into a kiss. Robin's cool, delicate fingers against her hot skin, Jonathan's lips pressed to hers, Steve's eyes on all of it, the judgement-clouding effects of alcohol; it was too much.

"I want you now," Nancy said to her boyfriend, breaking their kiss, "both of you." She said turning to the girl playing with her underwear. And surprising even herself she looked between them at Steve who was watching wide-eyed, "No, *all* of you."

"What?" Was all Steve said.

"You heard her." Jonathan's belt was already undone.

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Robin and the boys took turns stripping articles from Nancy's body until her slender, naked frame stood shyly in Steve's living room.

Robin circled the other girl slowly, her gaze drifting up and down, "Damn." She said, and squeezed a handful of Nancy's rear, who gasped and smiled slightly. She was surprised at how forcefully Robin grabbed her this time, in contrast with that delicate touch from before.

"Don't be so shy," from behind, Robin uncrossed Nancy's arms, giving the boys a better view of her chest. Nancy heard the other girl whisper, "knees please." Though quiet, her tone didn't quite match the polite nature of the request, and she pressed down on Nancy's shoulders firmly as she made it. She fell to the rug obediently; Nancy loved being told what to do; in the bedroom anyhow. The more Robin took control the more attractive Nancy found her, she was guiding Jonathan to stand in front of his kneeling lover. "Let's start with something familiar." She said.

Nancy tugged the waist of Jonathan's pants as she'd done dozens of times before, but never for an audience. She pulled them down enough for Jonathan to spring free and bounce a few inches from her lips. Nancy was feeling less shy by the moment, allowing the alcohol to help release her inhibitions. She didn't gag once when Jonathan grabbed her pretty, ribboned ponytail and forced himself down her throat.

"Good girl." He sighed, allowing Nancy to gasp for breath

"Damn Byers..." The other boy said. He and Robin had taken their positions on either side of Jonathan, and were touching themselves. Nancy looked left and right. Steve bulged through the boxers he was still wearing, Robin's underwear were around one ankle. She grabbed Jonathan's shoulders and swapped spots.

"My turn." Robin smiled, now in the middle. Nancy wrapped a hand around each of the boys and leant in to kiss Robin. She was warm. She was wet. She tasted different than Nancy was expecting, but not unpleasant. Robin propped a leg over Nancy's shoulder and held onto Steve's for support. Nancy felt a drop of liquid slide down her inner thigh. Oh my god, she thought, I'm literally *dripping*. Even more exciting than becoming intimate with a girl for the first time, was the thrill of taking on multiple partners. Nancy could not stand the wait.

She pulled away from Robin's crotch enough to ask the three people she was dutifully pleasuring when she might have a turn. Robin hushed her and, Handling that ribbon, pulled Nancy's face back into place between her legs. Robin was the first to come, and the last. She held Steve's shoulder in an iron grip, her legs quaked but she stayed upright. When she stopped shaking she took her leg from Nancy's shoulder and planted both feet firmly.

Jonathan took charge next. He lay down beside Nancy who giggled and rolled on top of him. Her naked body perched above him. Holding herself up with one hand, she held him in place with the other while she lowered herself slowly onto him. Jonathan wasn't sure she'd ever been this wet before. Nancy wasn't sure he'd ever been this hard. They found their familiar rhythm instantly, forgetting the other two, until Steve and Robin took their positions behind and in front Nancy respectively, straddling Jonathan's knees and face respectively. Robin stood over Jonathan and once again grabbed the handle on the back of Nancy's head. Steve, reluctantly at first, took hold of his erection and guided it's tip between Nancy's bouncing cheeks. She slowed her rhythm when she felt him prod her ass.

The thought of having both the boys inside her while her tongue played with Robin was enough to produce an actual squeak of anticipation from Nancy. She stopped riding Jonathan for a second, covered her palm in saliva, and reached behind her to grab hold of Harrington. Steve added his own spit to the mix, ensuring he was well lubricated before teasing her tight entrance again. He groaned and Nancy winced as he plunged into her. Nancy sat still a moment, but when the boys started their movement and she felt them both filling her, she soon began adding her own motion to the medley. Nancy kept a tight hold on Robin's hips as they thrust up into her,

and Robin held Nancy's mouth in place against her groin. Nancy never stopped the motion of her tongue, but allowed her fingers to join, sliding up into the other girl, matching the boys' tempo. They watched as they drilled into her and her tight openings clung to them as they withdrew, they watched as Nancy licked and fingered the standing girl.

It was a wonder they lasted this long. Steve and Jonathan came simultaneously. Nancy felt filled with wet warmth in multiple places, and when they didn't stop thrusting, she joined them in orgasm. As Nancy's fingers trembled inside her, Robin became the last to participate in the simultaneous four-party release.

Nancy was sore, she was leaking, and fluids were co-mingling on her inner thighs. Everyone was sweaty and sticky. Robin removed her top first. Then Steve, then Jonathan, and suddenly they were all as naked as Nancy. Single file, wordlessly, Steve led the way to the Haringtons' master bathroom. The four teens piled into the spacious tub, cleaning themselves and each other. There was minimal awkwardness between them.

The next spoken words came from Steve, who was gently scrubbing Robin's back, "We'll take care of her." He was addressing Jonathan.

Byers laid his head on Nancy's shoulder, and was grateful for the flow of the shower hiding his tears. "Thanks... I love you guys."

They each responded in the same words.

He had no idea what lay ahead for his family, his newly adopted sister, but Jonathan felt better about the girl they were leaving behind. Nancy had friends that loved her unconditionally, and knew exactly what she'd been through.